

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XVII.

STANFORD, KY. FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1889.

NO. 22



BEN HARRISON.

The above ladies and gentleman, is not a picture of the man who is president of these United States by virtue of Wanamaker's money and negro solidarity, but gives a fair representation of a much better man. We do not know that he is pious at all, certainly not a "pious cuss" like the two individuals referred to, but we do know that he is as honest as the days are long and as it has been previously remarked, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." The reason we are so positively convinced of his honesty is that he has been treasurer of the Kentucky Press Association for many years. With untold wealth in his hands, he has not yielded to the temptation to fly to Canada, as is the fashion nowadays, but has year after year accounted for every cent, and some times he has had as much as half a dozen that have been entrusted to his keeping.

Ben Harrison, "Uncle Ben," the boy called him, was born in Louisville in 1820 and at 18 began to learn to set type in the office of Shadrack Penru, in that city. In 1832 he began the publication of the *Hawthorne Eagle*. Afterwards he went to Uniontown and started the *News*, which was too much "secesh" for the Federal troops who confiscated the establishment and set Mr. Harrison adrift. He drifted to New Orleans—became foreman of a Spanish paper there and afterwards of the "Bee." Turning his head northward again he worked in St. Louis, Nashville, Cincinnati and Indianapolis and set type for Col. Hodges, while he was State printer at Frankfort. Twenty-five years ago he started the *Henderson News* upon which, to use his own expression, he is still "stickin' type, doing job work, selecting matter and scribbling editorials." His paper is a good one and besides for some other things, it is remarkable from the fact that no "personal or society matter" is ever permitted to mar its sober and sedate pages. Uncle Ben raised up two sons in the way he long has trod and they are both doing well, one in the Kansas City Times office and the other in a printery in Milwaukee. For a man of 70 Uncle Ben is remarkably jolly and active and never fails to get off something strikingly grotesque and original in making his annual report to the wealthy body of which he will continue to be treasurer till he is called to his reward with the plaudit, "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many."

Moved to Pitty—"It grieves me to give you pain, Mr. Ferguson, but I fear it can never be. Try, try to forget me."

"I'll try, Miss Lizzie," replied the young man in a melancholy, hopeless way. "Absorbed in the vortex of business, as I shall be henceforth, I may be able to still the clamor of my aching heart, and banish your sweet image from my mind."

"Then you contemplate going into business?"

"I have made arrangements," he said in a hollow voice, "to open a large retail confectionary store."

"Oh, George!" exclaimed the beautiful girl wildly, as she flung herself into his arms, "the sight of your suffering is more than I can bear. I am yours!"—Chicago Tribune.

A post-mortem examination of the body of John Martino, who recently died in the Jersey City Hospital, shows that the man had lived six days after a bullet had passed through his heart. Martino accidentally shot himself while cleaning a revolver. County Physician Converse made the autopsy. He found that the bullet passed through Martino's heart, displacing the organ, and the cavity was filled with blood. Dr. Converse will prepare an elaborate report of the case.—New York Herald.

"A Daytonian wrote to Senator Ingalls, mildly protesting against the action of the Senator in voting against the confirmation of Mr. Halstead. The Senator amiably replied: "Nothing consoles me for the forfeiture of your good opinion but the maintenance of my self-respect."

"They poked a porous plaster into it and then it began to play," is the way a boy described an organette.

SPOILING THE SHOW.—Bishop Temple of London, says that he was once worshipping in an East End church where a hearty musical service is a distinguishing feature, and he joined in the service to the best of his ability. He has a stentorian voice, and the effect of his effort on those near him may be imagined.

At the conclusion of the second verse of the hymn the patience of a working-man on his immediate left seemed fairly exhausted.

Not recognizing the dignitary beside him, the poor man, in sheer desperation, gave a sharp dig in the ribs of the Bishop, who, on turning for an explanation, was thus addressed in subdued but distinct tones:

"I say, give'er, you devy up! You're spoiling the whole show."—Youth's Companion.

Some years ago an American sailor named Carl Benjamin was wrecked on one of the largest of the Caroline Islands. He decided to make the island his home as there was no work to be done and plenty to eat. The natives, who were good natured, took kindly to him and made him their king. He is a somewhat scholarly man and is diligently teaching the natives English and the rudiments of civilized life. He has 20 wives and 50 children. Nothing, he says, would induce him to go back to his old home, Newburyport, Mass.

L. Randall, the mountain evangelist of West Virginia, some years ago went over the State painting texts on rocks and walls. He decorated all sorts of waste places with the text, "What Shall I do to be Saved?" A patent medicine man came along later and painted just below this wherever he could find it, "Use Blunk's Cure for Consumption." The quaint combination got into the papers, and Randall, seeing it, went back over his route with his paint and pot and added below the text: "And Prepare to Meet thy God!"

An exchange rightly says the schoolma'm is the guiding star of the republic. She takes the little lanting fresh from the home nest and full of its pouts and passions, an ungovernable little wretch, whose own mother often admits that she sends him to school to get him out of the way. The schoolma'm takes whole, carload of these little anarchists and puts them in the way of becoming useful citizens. At what expense of patience, toil and soul weariness! Do not imagine she is ever compensated by the salary she receives.

"Say," said the small boy to his big sister's best young man, "have you got thunder yet?"

"Thunder? No! What makes you ask such a question, my little man?"

"Why, my pop said he was going to give you thunder the next time he caught you around here, and—"

"Willy! Leave the room," commanded his sister—and he left. But his sister's young man didn't stay long after that.—Drake's Magazine.

One of the small humbugs of the day is the advertising card of a coming theatrical attraction. On the reverse side printed a pretty, highly colored picture, beneath which is the caution to read the other side, and afterward immerse the card in water, picture uppermost, for three days, then wash carefully the result. It is needless to add the result is nil, but the scheme is rather clever, for it insures six times out of ten, the careful preservation of the card.—New York Sun.

A queer, but true, story comes from Neshannock, east of Sharon, Pa., where lived an old lady 82, who wanted to go to Iowa, but was afraid to because she had never traveled on the railroad. She remarked to a friend at the station that it would be her first and perhaps last ride on the cars. Several days ago friends in Iowa received word that she had actually died on the train. The effect is to induce quiet perspiration and "cut" the tough mucus that affects the voice.

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Cough! and Cough!! and Cough!!!

What is the worse is the reason you will cough and keep coughing and still keep trying inferior medicines when Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup will positively relieve your cough at once! This is no advertising scheme, but an actual fact and we guarantee it. A. R. Penny, druggist.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions and positively cures piles, or no pay required.

It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town. I am 23 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from pain and soreness and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed completely all disease and pain. Try a bottle, sir, and \$1. at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Went down with Aliveness of Lungs and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and am now in my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it given to Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health. Try it. Sample bottles free at A. R. Penny's drugstore.

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The grass widow doesn't wear weeds" remarks a facetious exchange. Very true, but she is much given to making hay while the sun shines.—Louisville Times.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.—Once upon a time a very Good and Pious Parson saw a Bumblous Man coming out of a Saloon in a state of Mild and Melancholy Intoxication.

"Oh, my Friend," cried the Pious Parson, "I am very sorry to see you coming out of such a place."

"Is that so?" replied the Bumblous Man, in a Thick and Tearful Voice. "Well, I'll go right back again." And he did so, leaving the Pious Parson standing on the sidewalk in Great amazement.—Washington Critic.

The absence in Sam Owens' throat has broken and he is in fair way to recovery.

Mr. T. M. PENNINGTON and Miss Foxie, who have been down with malaria, are recovering.

Major BURSSIE was much better yesterday.

PERKIN BLACKBERRY, years ago a citizen of this place, now of Versailles, was in town yesterday.

It is said that 2 ounces of camphor dissolved in a pint of kerosene will cure the most obstinate case of rheumatism.

The Times has more than once had its little ting at Judge Durham, but it meant no harm, and hopes no harm was done. Judge Durham is an honest man, an able man and an excellent official. If he wants to be State treasurer of Kentucky he can lay Judge Sharp on the cooling-board. If he chooses to wait for the auditorship, he can flatten Fayette Hewitt out flatter than Hewitt has flattened himself. Whenever the Judge wants anything he has only to ask Kentucky for it.—Glasgow Times.

We hear a great deal about the "prodigal sons" and the rejoicing over their returns to home and virtue, but, alas! we hear but little about the poor, "prodigal daughters." Fathers, neighbors and society generally, extend warm hands and bright smiles to the reformed reprobate boy; but how do they encourage the reformed reprobate girl? Our dear sisters in Zion—how sweetly they smile on the repentant rake—but how do they look on the repentant victim—Jesuine Journal.

Gen. Franz Sigel, an honorable old soldier, retires from the Pension Office in New York broken by years and by sorrow over the misconduct of his son. A son of the late Henry Ward Beecher has disgraced the name of his great father by a crime against the government. There is common regret that the memory of the most famous of American pulpit orators, one of the most popular patriots should be shadowed by a petty and needless crime by an unworthy descendant.

SEEDS IN A POUND.—The Illinois experiment station has determined by accurate count the number of seeds per pound of these grasses: In one pound of red top there are 4,136,000 seeds; bluegrass 2,185,000; timothy 1,421,000; orchard grass 570,000; tall meadow oat grass 155,000; white clover 863,000; crimson trefoil 152,000; mammoth red clover 364,000; common red clover 333,000.—Boston Budget.

Lawyer to timid young woman—"Have you ever appeared as a witness before?" Young woman (blushing)—"Yes, sir, of course!" Lawyer—"Please state to the jury just what suit it was." Young woman (with more confidence)—"It was a man's veil, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely lace with hat to match." Judge (lapping violently)—"Order in the court!"

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